# The Purity Of Annexation

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# The Purity Of Annexation

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Kromer punishes (rewards?) a particularly difficult inquisitor

Notes

More quick clean ups and posting of old drafts, im gonna be getting out more lower quality stuff just to empty it out before I leave

This one is REALLY old, I've want to write Kromer for a long time but she's actually really fucking hard to write well. Like pm did such a good job and it's so hard to replicate how good her dialogue is. This was really fun though and I think Kromer should legitimately kill me and fuck me so hard I defect to n corp ANYWAYS

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

You aren’t sure where the floor is anymore. Your wrists scream under the weight of your own body, bound tight with rope and hoisted high enough that your toes only just scrabble for purchase on the cold concrete.

It keeps your calves cramping, your thighs trembling, forcing you to dance a pathetic, exhausted ballet just to keep your shoulders from dislocating.

Blindness is the first mercy and the worst curse. The cloth tied around your eyes is damp—sweat? Tears? Blood? It smells of iron. Deprived of sight, your other senses are dialed up to a frantic, screaming maximum.

You can feel the draft in the room, biting at the exposed skin where your uniform has been shredded. The heavy N. Corp armor is gone, leaving you in the tatters of the undershirt and fabric that hangs off your frame like butcher’s paper.

But the loudest thing isn't the room. It’s your own mind.

...purification... prosthesis is sin... the flesh is the temple…

The canned experience is a viral loop, a corrupted audio file forced directly into your neurons. It has a taste, a physical place in the back of your throat. It flashes phantom images of metallic limbs being crushed, of joyous laughter, of a nail driving into soft flesh. It makes you feel sick, dizzy, and euphoric all at once.

"Mmm... you're twitching again."

The voice cuts through the mental static like a razor wire. Kromer.

You hear the slow, deliberate clack-clack-clack of her boots circling you. The sound of her heavy cape dragging softly against the floor follows her like a shadow. She’s close. So, so close. You feel her, you smell her blood—not yours, or maybe yours, it all blends together—and something sweet, like vanilla.

"Heyyyy. Can you hear it, little inquisitor?" Her voice drops to a whisper right beside your ear, her breath hot and moist against your neck. "The truth? Rattling around in that confused skull of yours?"

A finger traces a line down your exposed side. It lingers on a fresh cut, pressing just hard enough to make the wound weep fresh blood. You

gasp, your body arching instinctively away, but there's nowhere to go.

"Speak," she commands, playful but with a little edge to it.

"The... the f-flesh..." You stammer, your tongue feeling thick and clumsy, too big for your mouth. The canned experience make the words slur. "The flesh is... whole."

"C'mon, that's boring!" Kromer giggles, and the sound is terrifyingly bright. "No conviction! Where is the fire? Where is the zeal?"

She moves behind you now. You feel a sharp, sudden pinch on your lower back, right near your spine. One of the small nails she'd hammered in earlier. She flicks it with her fingernail, sending a jolt of lightning-hot pain shooting through your nerves.

"Ah—!" You cry out, your legs buckling, leaving you hanging entirely by your wrists for a second before you scramble for footing again.

"Pfh… There it is!" Kromer cheers, stepping back around to face you, though you can't see her. "That sound! That is the sound of a human being alive! A machine can't make a noise like that. But you..."

Her hands are on your hips now, gripping tight, her thumbs pressing into the bruises she's already left there. "You squirm. You bleed. You feel everything."

She leans in, her forehead resting against your heaving, sweaty chest. "Do you know why I picked you? Why I didn't just let that canned stuff rot your brain away like the others?"

"B-because..." The programming surges up, fighting your fear. "Because I... I have to help… purify?"

"Kehehe... close. Because you're stubborn." Her hands slide up your torso, avoiding the shredded fabric, skin-to-skin. Her palms are calloused, rough against your softness. She stops at your ribs, tracing the head of another small, silver nail embedded just below your breast. "Your brain tries to reject the truth. It fights. And that makes breaking you... so much fun."

She flicks the nail again. The pain is blinding. It whites out the world.

"Say it," she hisses. "Tell me what those disgusting metal things are."

"Heretics!" you scream, the word tearing out of your throat, partly

because it’s what she wants, partly because the canned experience demands it. "They are... filth! Impure! They desecrate their own form!"

"Kehehe, good. Good girl." Kromer purrs. She steps back, the absence of her touch leaving you shivering in the cold air. "But it takes a lot more than that. Anyone can say words. To truly be one of us, you have to really believe it. You have to let the purity burn away the doubt."

You hear a sound that makes your blood run cold. The fwoosh of a flame igniting. The smell of burning wax fills the small, damp room.

"I have a gift for you," Kromer hums, her voice swaying with a nursery-rhyme cadence. "A badge of honor. Right here... on this soft, fleshy tummy."

"No... please..." The whimper escapes before you can stop it. The confusion in your brain spikes—half of you wants to beg for mercy, the other half, the indoctrinated half, yearns to be marked, to do whatever is needed.

"Ah-ah-ah," Kromer chides, tapping your nose with a finger. "Don't reject my generosity. I got it just for you."

You feel the heat before you feel the object. It radiates against your bare abdomen, hovering inches away. Your muscles spasm, trying to suck your stomach in, trying to retreat from the inevitable.

"Pfft. Don't clench," she whispers, her voice dropping an octave, dark and hungry. "Open up for me. Accept it."

"Kromer, I—"

"The One Who Grips," she corrects sharply.

And then she presses it home.

The scream that tears out of you is primal. The hot wax seal—molten and searing—slams into the sensitive skin of your stomach. It burns like a brand, agonizing and absolute. It feels like it’s melting right through your abdominal wall. You thrash in the restraints, your wrists tearing at the rope, your toes scrabbling uselessly against the concrete as your body arches violently, desperate to escape the heat.

"Yes! Look at that!" Kromer laughs, a manic, ecstatic sound. She doesn't pull back. She holds it there, pressing harder, grinding the seal

into your flesh to ensure the impression is perfect. "Sing for me! Let the pain flush out the hesitation!"

You sob, your head thrown back, mouth open in a silent cry as your voice gives out. The smell of singed hair and cooking skin mixes with the wax.

Finally, she pulls it away. The air hitting the burn is a new kind of torture, a stinging, throbbing aftershock. You slump in your bonds, panting, saliva dripping from your chin, your entire body trembling uncontrollably.

Kromer hums, sounding immensely satisfied. You feel her crouch down, her face level with your ruined stomach.

"Tadaa," she breathes. She blows softly on the fresh burn, sending shivers racking through your frame. "I wish you could see it. It looks good on you."

She stands up, gripping your chin and forcing your head up, though you still can't see her.

"Does it hurt?" she asks, her tone dripping with mock sympathy.

"Yes..." you gasp, the word a ragged croak.

"Good." Her fingers tighten on your jaw, bruising. "Pain is proof that you are human. Embrace it. Love it."

She leans in, biting your earlobe hard enough to draw blood.

"Now... tell me you love it. Tell me you love the purity I gave you."

The canned experience roars in your head, mixing with the throbbing agony in your gut until you can’t tell them apart.

"I... I love it..." you sob, broken and confused and terrified. "I love... the purity. I love being human…"

"Kehehehe... I knew you had potential." Kromer pats your cheek, then wipes the tear leaking from under your blindfold with her thumb, smearing it across your lips. "We’re going to have so much fun, you and I. There is still so much skin left to save."

"But you’re starting to get so quiet now," she pouts, her voice circling you like a shark in the dark. "Did the seal take your breath away? Or are you just savoring the warmth?"

She doesn't wait for an answer. You feel the cold, sharp point of another nail, this one pressed against the tender inside of your thigh.

"This leg..." she muses, tapping the metal against your skin. "It feels tense. Is it trying to run? Trying to carry you back to those metal-worshipping rats?"

"No... no, I..." you gasp, but the denial is cut short by a wet thwack and a blinding flash of white-hot agony.

She drives the nail in with a single, practiced strike—not deep enough to sever a nerve, but deep enough to anchor itself in the muscle.

"Aaaahhh!" Your scream is ragged, tearing your throat.

"Hush, hush! Listen to that body sing!" Kromer laughs, delighted. She grabs the head of the nail she just embedded and twists it slightly, using it like a dial to tune a radio. "Pain is wonderful, it's a blessing! Aren't you glad you can feel?"

"Yes! Yes!" you sob, desperate to agree, desperate to make the twisting stop. The canned experience surges in your brain, rewriting the agony as purpose. Pain is purity. Purity is what you want. Purity is good.

"Good girl." She leans in, her teeth grazing the shell of your ear again before she bites down hard, grinding her molars. You whimper, your body convulsing in the ropes, sweat stinging the fresh cuts and burns littering your torso.

You hear the heavy clatter of her gauntlet hitting the floor. Then the rustle of fabric.

"You've learned so much about pain," Kromer whispers, her voice dropping lower, vibrating with a dark, feverish heat. "Ahu… but humanity isn't just suffering. Oh no... to be truly whole, to be the purest form... you have to know pleasure too. You have to feel the flesh bloat and swell."

You feel her step between your suspended legs. She is agonizingly close. You can feel the heat radiating from her. Something hard, heavy, and unmistakably flesh presses against your bruised, trembling nether regions.

"Can you feel that?" she murmurs, grinding her hips forward. The sensation is shocking—a thick, throbbing hardness pressing against you. "This is me. This is a part of that purity. A part of you."

"K-Kromer..."

"The One Who Grips!" she barks, slapping your thigh, before softening instantly. "Aha. Don’t make me say it again. Open for me."

She doesn't wait for permission. She doesn't need it. She grips your hips with bruising force, her nails digging into the soft skin, and thrusts upward.

You scream, a sound that is half-gasp, half-sob, as she pushes inside you. It’s too much—you’re dry, tight with fear, and she is relentless. She fills you completely, stretching you, entering you with a violence that wracks your body in pain.

"Yes... feel me!" she hisses, her breath hot against your neck as she begins to move, snapping her hips with a brutal, rhythmic motion. "This is what it means to be human! To connect! Flesh inside flesh! No cold steel, no wires—just heat! Just blood! Just us!"

"Ah— ahh—!" Your head falls back, the blindfold damp with sweat and tears. The friction burns, but the canned experience is screaming in your mind, overwriting the violation with religious ecstasy.

"Tell me!" Kromer commands, slamming into you, her body slapping against yours with wet, heavy impacts. "Tell me what you feel! Is it cold? Is it dead?"

"N-no!" you wail, your brain melting under the sensory overload. "It's... hot! It's... alive!"

"Kehehaha! It’s pure!" she repeats, grabbing your hair and yanking your head back. "Say it! It’s good right?"

"It's pure! It's pure!" you repeat, the words tumbling out in a broken stream. The pleasure is starting to spike through the pain, a twisted, confused response to the sheer intensity of the stimulation. You’re overwhelmed, drowning in this awful feeling.

"That's it... that's it..." Kromer laughs, a manic, breathless cackle. She lets go of your hair and reaches down to your abdomen, her fingers finding the fresh, angry burn of the wax seal. She digs her thumb into it, tearing the scab before it can even form.

"Agghhh—!" You arch your back, your inner walls clamping down around her dick in a spasm of agony.

"Yes! That's it!" She groans, the sensation driving her into a frenzy. She reaches for one of the nails embedded in your ribs, wiggling it, feeling the wet slickness of the blood oozing around the metal. "Look at you... leaking life everywhere... you're so messy you know... so beautiful like this..."

She withdraws her hand from the nail, fingers coated in your dark red blood, and shoves them into your mouth.

"Taste it," she orders, thrusting harder, faster, pounding into you until you're swinging helplessly in the ropes, reduced to a piece of meat for her use. "Taste your own divinity! Swallow it down!"

You suck on her blood-soaked fingers, your mind shattering. "The flesh... the flesh is whole..." you mumble around her hand, eyes rolling back behind the blindfold.

"Bloat the flesh!" Kromer cackles, her voice cracking with zealotry. She pulls her hand out and drags her bloody tongue up your neck, licking the sweat and grime. "Spill the blood! We are rewriting you, Sinclair! No... not Sinclair... my little Kleinhammer."

"Spill... the blood..." you chant back, a mindless echo, your body jerking in time with her brutal thrusts.

"Bloat... the flesh..."

"More! Take more!" Kromer is panting now, nearing her peak. She grabs the nail in your thigh again—the one she twisted earlier—and yanks it sideways, tearing the skin further.

The shock of pain sends you over the edge. You scream, your body seizing, mind going completely white as you climax violently, a broken, confused orgasm born of torture and brainwashing.

"That's it!" Kromer howls, driving into you one last time, pouring her seed deep inside you. "That's what it means to be human! What it means to be pure!"

She collapses forward, her weight pressing you down, her heart hammering against your chest like it's your own. She stays there, buried inside you, twitching, laughing softly into your shoulder.

"Kehehehe..." She licks a trickle of blood running down your chest. "We'll make an inquisitor out of you yet."

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